

6 11621. e-5
3

The New Art and Mystery of GOSSIPING.

Being a genuine Account of all the Women's Club's in and about the City and Suburbs of *London*, with the Manner of their Club Orders.

The Weaver's Wive's Club in *Spittlefields*.

The Milliners Club by the *Royal Exchange*.

The Butcher's Wive's Club by *Cow Cross*.

The Fish Women's Club at *Billingsgate*.

The Quilters Club in *Long-Acre*.

The Mantua Maker's Club in *St. Martin's-Lane*.

The Basket Women's Club in *St. Giles's*.

The Bunter's Club in *Fyburn-Road*.

The Shoemaker's Wives Club in *Granburn-Alley*.

The Taylor's Wives Club in *Monmouth-Street*.

Mrs. Puff the Penny Barbers Wives Club in *Rag-Fair*.

The Whores and Bawds Club in *Drury-Lane*.

The Humours of the Second hand Gentry, that are stuck up in their Double Ruffle Cuffs, and never a Smock to their A—e.



THESE Gossips, being pretty near Neighbours, in summer-time at their doors for a little Gape-seed, one has got a Stocking to-Knit, another has got a Clout to stitch, another stands with a Child in her arms at noon day in its blankets bare-legg'd, the turd and piss running down her Apron: so that six of these thirsty wives being got together, they all fall into discourse about some secret Geneva-shop, and call for half a quātern a piece, and for to discourse about, says Mrs. *Chitchat*, my friend *Bristle* the *Cobler's*-wife, I have got a very secret story to tell you, but I desire before I tell you that it may go no further. *Ruth Keep-council*, starts up with a solemn protestation of secrecy, protesting to keep it in her breast. Why then said Mrs. *Chitchat*, my Husband was up very late on Saturday Night last about a pair of Shoes, so desir'd me to fetch him a Pint of Purl, but sure such a sight did I see at my Neighbour's-house, it was surprising, but I'll say no more now. But says the other, since you have gone so far pray let's have it out. Well then, to be sure tell no body, will ye. No says the other, if I do I will shew you my Arse. Why then to be plain, as I told you before, I went for a Pint of Purl, but perceiving no body in the house, I push'd open the door of a little box and there catch'd my neighbour *D.* Kissing of my Landlady. Why *Ruth*, you can't think what a concern I was in about it, nay I won't degrade the Woman nei her, but faith they were at it, nay and merri'y too. Well says *Ruth*, I never had the faith to believe it; but we'll keep it to ourselves as a secret, however *Ruth Keep council*, having unriddl'd the story, away she goes simpering to think she had got it and as she was going, *Madam prate-a pace* perceiving her to simper, she makes up to her and cries, well *Ruth*, I protest you are full of business. I am so, but it's best known to myself what it is, why *Ruth*, says the other if you tell me, it shall go no further fr m me. If I thought that, reply'd *Ruth*, I would tell you, but I would not for the world it should go any further, besides my Husband may come into trouble about it for what I know. But in short she told her the story. O Lord, says *Prate-a-face* who would have thought it, there's a sly bi ch. Oh the Devil take honesty. But

I'll say no more. Next comes Jenny-all-talk, what a Po is this secret let's hear a little of the matter. The other breaks out in a fit of laughter. Plague says *Jenny I fancy it's some jumbling story. You have guessed right faith,* says *Prittle Prattle.* Well what signifies it, said she, *I know Jenny to be a Woman that will neither meddle nor make; why our neighbour's Wife was catch'd playing a merry game at Slap Cap with a certain Taylor near this Place, O Lord, what's that all, that's old News, 'tis not the first time by a thousand; rather, I'll blow her at once. O don't,* says *Ruth, I'd not for the world have my-name brought into question. Besides Chitchat told me, and I promised to keep the secret. You are a pretty Devil an't You, it is proper the Woman should know you're a pack of chattering fools together*

Now as *I* have given you account of these Women, *I* shall proceed to give you account of the other sort of Gossips, called by the name of Tea-drinkers, &c. the scolding and fighting.

P A R T II.

Now *I* will inform You of those idle Tea drinking Gossips, that can find nothing else to do but run fooling up and down from one Neighbour's house to another, with a how do you do Neighbour, with a false Look, and a treacherous heart. Then says the other good Lack-a-day, how do you do Madam, how does Master *Jacky* do? For now a-days if they get a Muslin-Pinner, a flower'd Gown, a Hoop at their Arse, and a pair of red heel shoes, they think much if you don't call them Madam tho' they have never a Smock to their Arses, when a Country Dame will buy a hundred of them. *I* han't seen you a long time, *I* was asking after you the other Day, *I* was afraid you had not been well, pray walk in and sit down, and let us talk a little; when Madam goes in with a fine Canterbury story, may be with a hundred Lies attending it, then out comes the Tea-table, in which they accommodate one another.

P A R T III.

Mrs. *Chitchat* begins thus with Mrs. *All talk,* in form'd you before of their gossiping ways, Look Mrs.

All talk, now this is you that can keep council, why you are as bad as she to take her part. How take her part, all the World knows she's whore enough. Well if she's that business what have you to do with it, she makes use of nothing but her own, does she? why who the pox talk'd of You when the *Black-a-more* Kissed you under the Rails. Why look at Mrs Modesty now! why, You Whore we are never a one of us like you to lie seven years with a Man while your husband was gone to sea, and seven more with another Man while his Wife was alive. Your a plaguy honest toad an't You; well, if I an't up with You pox take me. I'll go this Minute, and tell the Alehouseman's wife by my soul. Away she runs helter skelter ready to break her Neck into the Alehouseman's reputation; for the house being full of company, and the Alehouseman half drunk he fell aboard of his Wife, alarms the whole place, one swore it was blaz'd over 34 Parishes; presently set 300 women a scolding about discretion; then the Alehouseman's wife goes to the Shoemaker's wife; what, said she, could you find nothing to do but talk of me: what will you get by that you B—h I'll nap your Cuckold for it? I that supply your husband with money to buy Leather; if you had see one take a bite by the by 'tis no more than what you have done before me. There is money due, and the Devil take me if I don't have the money. Why, you lie you whore, your husband has had it out, which is more than I thought to say. Why you brazen face whore, have you the impudence to tell me so to my face. Rat me I'll maul You, come out here, They soon raised as many women as there is to defend Gibraltar, said one well done Ruth, pay her heartily, let her get up, says another, up or down its all fair play. Take her cap hold down her hoop, for there is ill conveniences in fighting. Then comes in Mrs. All-talk, said she, what the plague, we'll make the toad suffer for it. Mrs. Love-last you'll make a good Evidence, you't you. Yes, what such a one as you; Bess, when You swore a Rape against a Gentleman and bit him out of as much Money as served you for a portion. With that she flew at her teeth and nails, seized on her Pinnars; there's helter skelter from

one to another. The battle last for many hours, rare work for the Bailiffs, Lawyers and Proctors. At last the story ends thus, every one sits down at her cost and charge.

I have given you an account of their gossiping, scolding and fighting, I shall next give you an account of the Manner of the Womens Club.

PART IV.

Well, those Clubs being become so common among the Fair Sex, I was very curious one Feast-day to go and see a little pastime, so offers my service to go and dine with the civil Society of Taylors Wives Club, kept in Monmouth-Street, they told me I was welcome for my money as the best, and especially as they had but one Man amongst them and that was their Clerk. He begins to ask what it is e'Clock, the Mistress of the House brings up the Table-cloth, Knives and Forks, and other Equipage to garnish the Table.

Then up comes Dinner, 9 Geese, 6 Legs of Mutton and French Beans, then every one carved for themselves, but Kate Dainty must needs find fault; says she, I think this Goose is tough. I can't bite it, says another. The Mutton is not holt boil'd says t'other. The Beans are as hard as flint stones, and the Beer as hot as Mares piss, and as stale as the Devil. Come let us have a handsome Goose at this End of the Table, what are we to be fed with scraps. What must I pay my Money for nothing? alas! said the Clerk don't you know your Orders, says Peggy Blab Tongue, damn your Orders Johnny Smell-smock; he drew up his Mouth in small pleats, protesting he never saw such ill-behav'd women in his life, to complain of hunger, when there had been such Plenty. If your stomach, quoth he, were as weak as mine, you'd soon be satisfied. Dinner being over in comes pipes and Tobacco, and Royal Gin, and each had a quartern, when the Gin began to work in their crowns, they began to discourse about their Club Orders; one said the box began to grow rich, they had got 40s. in it, and ought to have the Brewer's bond for fear the Landlord fails; he being half drunk, took up the piss pot, and broke their box open, throwing the Money about the Room; and

each scrambling for their share, they agreed to go to a Brandy shop and decide the Matter, where an old Fidler got a snack for scraping. The money being melted they all retired home.

The Explanation and Character of a Footman.

The manner of his being a skip-kennel. I came from *Norfolk*, (being one of *Sir Robert Godson's*) thro' the City of *London*, and entered into *St. James's* to be a Foot-boy; at twelve Years of Age, I liv'd at a bawdy house in *Drury Lane*, facing the *Elephant and Castle*, where I spent 13s. of my wages, and my Mistress being set upon me, call'd for five bottles of wine, and made me leave my waistcoat for the Money. Going home at the hour of twelve quite drunk; the next morning standing at the chariot door my master missed the waistcoat, and bid me gy into the Stripping Room, and then turned me out of doors.

The Gossips Delight; or the Tea-table Chat.

BOHEA is the favourite thro' the whole town,
 The mode from the fatten unto the stuff gown,
 Both Tag-rag and Bob-tail will have their delight,
 And strip themselves naked but they will come by it
 If these be the Pleasures of their Lives,
 Fate keep us from tea-drinking wives.
 Fresh butter they'll have all times of the Year,
 Which makes it so scarce and so damnable dear,
 But ask for a Quantity ever so small,
 They'll tell you the Ladies they have bought it up all.
 Good eight penny sugar, is likewise too brown,
 Without t'other four-pence the Tea won't go down,
 Nor will it avail to have good household bread,
 Their Palates with dainty hot Loaves must be fed.
 By that time they rise and put on their Cloaths,
 The Clock it strikes ten, on the Tea-kettle goes,
 The Cups once brought forth and Gossips in view,
 With Neighbour good-morrow, pray how do you do.

Indifferent, cries Madam, *I* prap now sit down,
 And tell us what News you have in the town,
 But take a Dish first, and eat if you can,
 Methinks it's an age since we drank the last dram.

Thus seated in form and their Equipage spread,
 Next come what the D—l puts in their head,
 Their tongues like perpetual Clock work runs on,
 Till their budget of lies is exhausted and gone.

One railing cries Neighbour such a one's wife,
 The most awkward Creature *I*'ve seen in my life,
 O what a sad Girl she's got says another,
 Most certainly some Tinker's trull was her mother.

A third cries did not you hear of the News,
 Of dame what d'ye call her who was kiss'd in her Shoes
I'm told it is true, as we are all sitting here,
 But don't let it go any further for fear.

A fourth cried out bless me *I* had like to have forgot,
 A prime piece of news that is quite piping hot,
 Of a Man caught in bed with another Man's wife,
 'Twas *John* but don't say a word for your life.

At length when with tea and lying they're tir'd,
 And rail'd on their Neighbours as much as requir'd,
 The bottle comes out with a dram of good Nantz,
 To stifle the vapours and thoughts of their wants.

Some Gossips says that comes of good blood,
 Here's to the best—— You know what's understood,
 Remember to morrow by nine of the Clock,
 By that time my husband will be out at work,

A second replied *I* shall be all alone,
 For my simple Simon will not sle at home.
 Besides if he was 'tis to me all the same,
 And to tell you the truth *I* am both master and dame.

O Lord says another how glad should *I* be,
 If my Gaffer was so obliging to me,
 He dam's the Tea-Kettle and Crockery ware,
 And breaks all the tea cups that e'er he comes near.

Just so says another does my honest man,
I can't bring him to reason do what *I* can,
 He swears *I* ruin both pocket and health,
 In short *I* am forc'd to get out by mere stealth.

One Glass and another goes round by consent,
 A third is filled up the next merriment,
 The bottle is quite out, sends them reeling to bed,
 With an itch in their tail, and a pain in their head.

And if these be the pleasures of their lives,
 Fate keep us from tea drinking wives.

There is Mrs. *Chitchat*, the Taylor's wife; *Joan Private*, the Weaver's Wife. *Ruth Keep council*, the Distiller's wife, and *Bess Double Tongue*, the Alehouse-man's wife, clever honest roads indeed, to keep council when they carry two faces under one hat, and give us fine words for money, and after our Money is spent they don't care how soon they get rid of our company.

Betty! Huffy, make haste, run to the next door neighbour and borrow the tea-kettle, I think the Girl's hard of hearing, I'll Knock You down with my Fan, huffley run to the Chandler's shop, and get some tea and sugar, and let it be put up to my Husband's score till Saturday night, pay night comes, they are as far off their money as they were before, they'll sooner go two or three miles about, than go near that Chandler's shop any more, these are our second hand Quality; no doubt but you have got them in the country, as well as we have them in town, they'll drink as much tea as will scale a young Pig and tell as many lies over the tea-table as our London bunters in town over a Glass of Geneva. They eat as much bread and butter at the tea-table, as a countryman can eat of bacon and pudding till the fat runs down on each side of their mouth. And if they have got a red Cloak, a scarlet pair of stockings, red heel'd shoes, clever legged jades about the heels indeed, and a hoop-petticoat as big as a hind Coach wheel; and a black bonnet, bought at Rag-fair for the value of a groat, a pair of Ruffles hanging down their Elbows to their Fingers ends, bought at a Penny price: Perhaps, at the same time, they have not got a Smock to cover their Arles, when a Country Dame will buy about five thousand of them.

10 JU 52

F I N I S.

